



"OLD STUFF, THIS PARCELS POST. BEEN RUNNING ONE MYSELF FOR YEARS!"



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## Cartoons and Comments

SEE CENTRE-  
PAGE CARTOON.

If they will but think of it, the earnest people who oppose child labor will see at once that the greatest obstacle in their path is the fact that there is no likelihood of the supply of children giving out. It is only too true that long hours in a mill or a canning factory may start a child worker on the road to premature death, but it is also true that as soon as one child drops by the wayside there is another and yet another, not necessarily ready, but forced through necessity, to take the first one's place. It is not so with lesser creatures, with lobsters or with trout, for example, for trout and lobsters are good to eat, and experience has taught that strict laws are necessary, laws rigidly enforced, if the supplies are not to be diminished by human greed. Young lobsters and young trout are protected. They are protected because they tickle the palate, and the top layer of mankind would consider it a dire calamity if anything should happen to destroy them. They are safeguarded by men who are paid to watch over them, they are pampered, almost petted; in fish-hatcheries their surroundings are in the highest degree sanitary and scientific; their security is complete; free of responsibility and remote from danger, they are encouraged to grow up into sturdy, active fishhood; and all because they are good to eat, and the supply, with careless or stupid handling, might easily become exhausted. Shall only such young things as are good to eat be safeguarded from exploiters? Is there not a chance that some day the child shall

be as important and as worth conserving as the trout, the lobster, the terrapin, or the tree? Must we wait for the supply to show signs of exhaustion before the same care and protection which fish and game now enjoy are offered to human beings?

When the nation's greatest financiers pool-pool to the contrary, what humble citizen dare intimate, even in private conver-

sation, that there is a Money Trust? It was doubtless a mere coincidence that at the very time the financiers were telling the Pujo Committee that all talk of a Money Trust was nonsense, the city of New York was preparing to sell \$170,000,000 worth of five per cent. Subway bonds, for 93½ at a private sale. Naturally it may be assumed that the city of New York would prefer to sell its Subway bonds nearer par if it could. And the fact that the city was willing to take 93½ for the lot at a private sale makes perfectly natural the assumption that the authorities saw no chance of getting a better price through competition. In other words, the city could not do any better and knew it. The bid of 93½ was made. New York might take it or leave it. In ordinary lines of business it is not customary to take less than your price for what you have to sell until you have tried the open market, and found that nobody there will give you any more. The fact that New York did not try the open market for its Subway bonds is suggestive of the thought that there is no open market for a bond issue of any considerable size. Long ago, long before the Pujo Committee convened in notorious session, Mr. SAMUEL UNTERMYER made just that statement. Perhaps there is n't any Money Trust, but you can't prove it by New York City.

GOVERNOR SULZER envies the man who stood between the Devil and the deep sea. SULZER stands between HEARST and MURPHY.



"I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S NO SICH A PERSON!"

BETSEY PRIG.....Mr. H. P. DAVIDSON.  
SAIREY GAMP.....Mr. S. D. UNTERMYER.  
MRS. HARRIS.....THE MONEY TRUST.



CONFESSIONS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.



8 A.M.  
SWEETHEART! Must you leave at eight? These partings hurt me so!  
Now, just for once, please do be late — *I will not let you go!*

9 A.M.  
I've brooded here almost an hour on you, O husband mine!  
It's wrong that love should have such power—Good Lord!  
it's striking nine.

10 A.M.  
I've washed the dishes—what a bore—my work is never done;  
When every finger's cut and sore it ceases to be fun.

11 A.M.  
This flat is gloomy as the grave! Why can't a man play fair?  
He seems to think I like to slave—conceited chanticler!

12 NOON.  
If I had known what I know now, I would have married Jim;  
Ye gods and little fishes! How I might have splurged with him!

1 P.M.  
I hate this soapsuds, grease, and grime; my dreams are stifled here:  
I'll change it! By the gods! There's time to carve my own career.

2 P.M.  
Why, John is just one phase of life I've finished with. I'm sure  
I've too much brains to be a wife: I'll teach—uplift the poor.

3 P.M.  
I know my mind: I must be free. I've packed some half-worn stuff;  
For doing slum work it will be *entirely* good enough.

4 P.M.  
The question is: Where first to go? There's nothing safer than  
To go and see this picture-show and make some sort of plan.

5 P.M.  
That hero made my throat feel tight, (poor chap was just John's size!)  
Sometimes, when John can't sleep at night, that look is in *his* eyes.

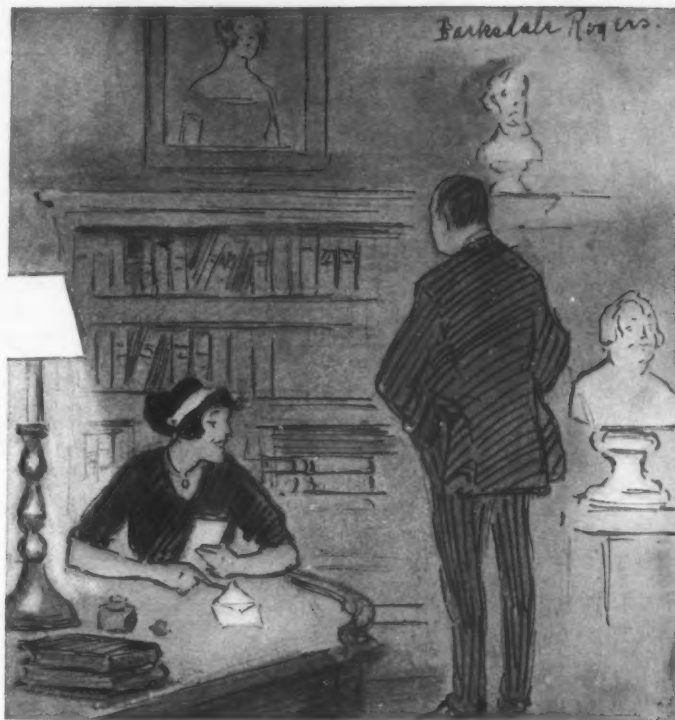
6 P.M.  
I think I'll run back home awhile, somehow I'm all upset;  
That hero's bitter dying smile I simply can't forget.

7 P.M.  
He's on the stairs! He's near the top! What makes his face so wan?  
Poor lamb, he's tired enough to drop! O John, dear—John! *John!!! JOHN!!!*  
*Jane Burr.*



THE FUTURE AND THE PAST.

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY.—What is your son doing now?  
AUNTIE WASHINGTON.—Him? Oh, jest talkin' about what he's  
gwine ter do.  
B. O. L.—But your husband—what is *he* doing?  
A. W.—Him? Oh, *he's* jest talkin' about what he's done!



JUST THE THING.

HUSBAND.—By Jove, I want something exciting to read; some-  
thing really blood-curdling.  
HELPFUL WIFE.—Here is my dressmaker's bill, dearest!

MEN MAY COME AND MEN MAY GO.

"I SEE," said the small boy who wore spectacles, "that *The Daily Blatter*  
has been sold, and that under its new ownership it will be greatly  
changed and improved in make-up and contents."

"Yes," assented his pessimistic pro-  
genitor, "quite so. But if you take a

look at the *Blatter* 3,650  
days from now you'll ob-  
serve that any political rally  
held by the party which  
the *Blatter* boosts will con-  
tinue to exhibit the phe-  
nomenon of being larger  
and more enthusiastic than  
the political rally of any  
other party; you will also  
observe that anything pop-  
ular that has been done  
was done because the *Blat-  
ter* recommended its doing;  
also if, on that date, a com-  
mittee of anybody is examin-  
ing anything you will notice  
that the headline writer of the  
*Blatter* will always get the  
word 'probe' into the head-  
lines; incidentally, if anybody

has started to probe the methods of some department-store  
you will find as many inches of it in the *Blatter* as there are  
hens'-teeth in a spring pullet; and speaking of advertising, it  
will be like meeting old friends to come continually upon the  
fact that articles which were \$4.73 were now marked down  
to \$2.19; the editorials will continue to seem to be written by  
a man 45 feet high wearing a number 832 hat; when George  
B. Johnson kicks his wife downstairs the reporters, even as  
to-day, will print the name George B. Johnston (who will  
turn out to be the Methodist minister on the corner, and who  
will write an indignant protest which will be printed at the bottom  
of column 5, page 17); finally, if a boxing-match has been arranged  
between two professional stallers, the sporting-page will say: 'Experts  
agree that the match will not go the full ten rounds.' They may get  
some new type, but all in all I guess you'll be able to recognize the  
*Blatter* in 1932 without any eye-glasses."  
*Horatio Winslow.*

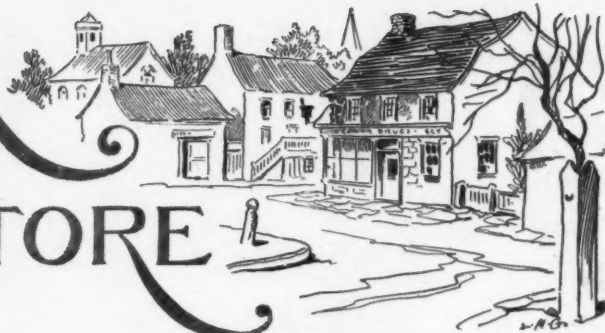


CINCH.

"Can you lick Kelly?"  
"Does he belave in arbitration?"  
"He does!"  
"I kin!"

**I**n olden times a strong arm was necessary to the dictator, but nowadays he  
often finds shorthand more effective.

# AT THE CORNER A DRUG-STORE



## II.—WHAT HE WAS GOING TO SAY.

**T**HERE were a number of customers in Cowerby's Corner Drug-Store when Mr. Henry Fillibrown came in. Joel Cowerby, the proprietor, was hopping about electrically, trying to do three or four things at once, and persistently getting in his own way, as a man must when attempting the impossible.

"I should think you'd need help, Joel," commented Mr. Fillibrown, "now that your business has got to be so brisk."

Joel Cowerby paused as he was pouring from a bottle labeled "Tinct. Rhub." and gave the newcomer a nod of recognition, but he said, rather hastily: "Business isn't what it looks to be at its rush times, Henry. Most of the day I'm not busy; and then you never can tell what these young clerks are going to do. I read in the paper just the other day that a clerk over to Riverton gave a woman prosoic acid instead of cough balsam, and if there had n't been a stomach-pump handy she would n't have coughed no more in this world. You can't trust 'em, these young fellers."

Two women, waiting for their turn to be served, gave Joel earnest and thankful glances as he spoke. They said with their eyes that it was a great boon to know that no fresh young clerk was present in Cowerby's store to give them poison.

Mr. Fillibrown leaned against the counter and played with the scales while Joel was busy with the other customers. Mr. Fillibrown was a man of great reputation for integrity and stern morality in the town. He was tall, wore the most respectable burnsidies imaginable, and if the color-scheme of his nose and cheeks inclined toward a reddish-blue harmony, certainly nobody attributed it to anything except full-bloodedness. He was known far and wide as a man who had no patience with sin in any "way, form, or manner," and the particular form of sin which he abhorred was that of over-indulgence, and the especial target of his wrath in the matter of over-indulgence was the abuse of spirituous liquors.

When the last customer except Mr. Fillibrown had been served and had departed, Joel reached over to Henry and shook his hand. "Just come in for a little chat, Henry?" asked the proprietor, "or is there anything I can do for you?"

"Well, Joel," replied Mr. Fillibrown, "what I was going to say was— He had got so far when the door opened and a lad came in. "Five cents' worth of stick licorice," Mr. Cowerby, ordered the boy.

"What I was going to say, Joel," continued Mr. Fillibrown, "is that we ought to be thankful that our little town has no liquor license. See the towns around here that have been seduced by the Demon—as you might say—and then compare them with ours. I tell you, it makes my heart beat with pride to walk along our main street, after getting home from one of the big cities, and to notice that there is nary a saloon to disgrace our little neighborhood. "Sonny," he added, turning to the boy who had bought the licorice, "have you signed the pledge?"

"Yep," said the boy. "Had to. Teacher said if we did n't we'd have to stay after school every night for a month."

"Good," said Mr. Fillibrown, patting the youngster on the head. "You will never be sorry for it."

When the lad had gone Joel Cowerby looked at Henry expectantly. That gentleman coughed and said: "What I was going to say, Joel—"

The door opened, and a woman entered. "Fill this bottle, please, Mr. Cowerby," she said, holding out a phial. "John's very low again. He was took suddenly this afternoon."

"Sorry to hear that," said the drug-store proprietor.

"So am I," added Mr. Fillibrown. "I was just saying, as you came in, Mrs. Finney, how little sickness we have in our midst. Of course, there's this kind of sickness and that kind of sickness, but I dare say that most of the sickness, except accidents, is due in one way or another to strong drink." Seeing that the woman was on the point of bursting out angrily, Mr. Fillibrown hastily added: "Thank heaven, Mrs. Finney, that is n't true in your family. A harder-working, more respectable man than John does n't live. I was just saying to Joel (was n't I Joel?) that the thing that will pull John through is that he has n't undermined his constitution with the stuff that when put into the mouth steals away the brains, as you might say. I trust your little ones have taken the pledge, Mrs. Finney?"

The woman's expression had changed. She bridled, and her eyes glowed with pleasure. "They certainly have, Mr. Fillibrown. Why, my son George signed before he could write. We held the pencil for him."

"Good!" said Mr. Fillibrown, rubbing his hands. "It's a great joy to see the young folks so anxious to throw themselves on the right side. He won't regret it, Mrs. Finney. Good-night!"

The door slammed, and Mr. Cowerby again looked toward his companion. "Well, Joel," said Mr. Fillibrown, "what I was going to say, when I was interrupted those times, was—"

Again the door opened. This time a man, rather seedy-looking, came in. He regarded Mr. Fillibrown sheepishly, mumbled something about the fine weather they were having, saluted Mr. Cowerby, and then leaned idly against the counter as though there was something on his mind to which he could not give voice. Mr. Cowerby, seeming to sense the delicacy of the situation, asked him no questions. There was a long silence. Finally Mr. Fillibrown asked graciously: "How you getting along, Peter?"

"Pretty well," was the answer. "Pretty well."

There was another silence. Then Mr. Fillibrown continued: "Peter, 'I'm sorry to say that I've heard some very sad news about you lately. I don't want to stick my nose into other people's affairs, but I've been grieved to hear that you have been going over to Mill City pretty frequently, and coming home in the last car in a condition that does n't do you any credit."

He frowned deeply as he said this, and Peter shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. Then the culprit said: "I've got my weakness."

"Conquer your weakness," replied Mr. Fillibrown. "We all have our crosses. We all have to conquer ourselves. Brace up, Peter."

"I ain't well," replied Peter. "You know that, Mr. Fillibrown. I have n't seen a well day since I caught that pneumony parading last election. I get so all run down that it seems as though I could n't stand it any longer unless I took something. I don't see why you should jump on me like this, Mr. Fillibrown."

"I don't want to jump on you, Peter," was the reply. "Dissipation is one thing, and sickness is another. I didn't know you were so poorly, Peter. If it's a matter of medical treatment I have n't got but one thing more to say, which is this: Why do you go over to Mill City, amongst those dens of iniquity? It ain't right for you to earn money in one town and spend it in another. That ain't according to business. What I mean is, Why don't you deal with Joel?"

Peter's face brightened. "You're right, Mr. Fillibrown," he replied. "I'll trade with Joel after this. Can you let me have a pint, Mr. Cowerby?"

Mr. Cowerby put on his most professional air. "You're sure you don't feel well, Peter. Remember, I can't dispense strong liquors unless in case of urgent need or on prescription."

Peter threw open his shirt-collar and showed a scar. "Look at that, Mr. Cowerby."

He did not add, nor did Mr. Cowerby remark that he knew, that the scar had been on Peter's neck since he was ten years old and had got it by running against a barb-wire fence while stealing apples.

"Sho, Peter, that's bad!" said Mr. Cowerby. "Got a bottle with you?"

When Peter was gone the proprietor looked once more expectantly at Mr. Fillibrown.

"I was going to say, when we were interrupted," said Henry, "that I ain't feeling so peart lately myself. What would you suggest?" Nor was there the slightest suggestion of a profane wink on his part.

Mr. Cowerby looked outside to see if anyone was approaching.

"I've got some 'Old Stock'—just came in yesterday, Henry. Come in behind and sample it. If you like it, take home a little with my compliments. That was a good lecture you gave Peter, and I appreciate them things."

Freeman Tilden.



"Sonny, have you signed the pledge?"



"Look at that, Mr. Cowerby."





POWER OF MUSIC.

THE ENTHUSIAST. — That is the "Spring Song." Can't you feel it?

THE PHILISTINE. — You bet! You can almost see the boys knocking flies and booting grounders on some little Southern jay-town diamond, can't you?

BALLADE OF THE IDLE POOR.

II SEEK a maiden millionaire:  
She must be charming — not too old,  
With temperament and golden hair;  
(It is n't that I crave the gold) —  
To lure of riches I am cold —  
No! No! Not that, you may be sure!  
I am not rash, I am not bold,  
I'm simply tired of being poor!

What use have I for social glare,  
Or yachts and autos manifold?  
For opera, jewels, I don't care.  
It is n't that I crave the gold,  
The idle rich I will uphold;  
From Socialism I'm immune —  
No such ideas of life I hold,  
I'm simply tired of being poor.

So, if you find a maiden fair,  
More wealthy than has been foretold,  
Her father some the worse for wear.  
It is n't that I crave the gold.  
By such an one I'd be consoled,  
(With rights of primogeniture) —  
Detain her, till my arms enfold —  
I'm simply tired of being poor!

O Prince, my trouble's quickly told,  
It is n't that I crave the gold;  
I want an heiress, quite secure —  
I'm simply tired of being poor!

Kenneth F. H. Underwood.



CANDLEMAS DAY.

THE PUG. — That settles it, Heinrich. Six more weeks of winter!  
THE DACHS. — How did you know alretty?  
THE PUG. — Don't you see the ground-hog's shadow!

THE WISE ONE.

HARD was old J. J. — hard as nails. Nobody ever got the best of him in a money deal.  
"Now, John," they said, when he was a boy back in Indiana, "we're going to play a little poker to-night. How'd you like to sit in and learn the game?"

At 4 A.M. the next morning when John got up from that table he carried away with him \$45.65, once the pocket-money of his fellow-reprobates. John took the first train for Chicago.

"This is Mr. Jones of Posey County, is n't it?" inquired the well-dressed young man in the hotel. "The Mayor told me to look you up. He thought you might be interested in seeing an explosion that just took place in one of our new tunnels."

John Jones went with the gaily appareled youth. Was he sand-bagged? He was not. Instead, when the young man reached for his blackjack, John first poulticed him with a brick, and then lifted \$250 from his inside pocket.

With this capital John started in the real-estate business. His friendly rivals, to clear the field, steered him up against Old Muggins, the fox of the real-estate game. In four weeks John trimmed Muggins to the tune of \$100,000.

He went to New York on a fast train, and ten years later when he retired he had such a strangle-hold on Wall Street that every time he came in the Stock Exchange by the door J. P. Gorgan exited by the fire-escape. Tough was J. J. — tough as hickory.

But did he pay the Reverend Eusebius Winkle \$10,000, for a notable and gratifying genealogy of ancestors (hand-forged in Harlem)? And did he check-write Count Carlo de Banditti \$125,000 for a magnificent Italian Old Master (painted in 1911 in a genuine Roman cellar)? And did he turn over to the Bibliobooks Society, Inc., \$1,235,400 for an *edition de luxe* of all the Campaign Speeches ever delivered in America? Did he? Does fire burn? Does a duck swim? Does the prime luminary of the heavens, the fabled chariot of Phæton, get on the job every morning in the east? Did he? Wild horses could n't have kept him from it!

Horatio Winslow.



SOLVENT.

A CERTAIN man found himself in the possession of \$11,000,000. But he did not lose his head. On the contrary. "I will pay only so much for a car," he firmly declared, "as will leave of the \$11,000,000 a sum sufficient, if prudently invested in the funds, to defray the cost of having the thing around." And though in that resolution he paid so little for a car that his wife would scarcely speak to him, his sense of financial solvency was his ample reward.

MODERN WOMAN.

Her hat so low she can't see. Her gown so tight she can't walk. Her corset so long she can't sit down.

THE words of a man's mouth tell no more of the meditations of his heart than the voice of a dinner-bell tells about the quality of the dinner.



TRYING HARD TO MAKE GOOD.

DAILY INVESTIGATION NOTE.

**A**T this point Mr. Crackem Andloot, the well-known Second-Story Worker, was called to the stand.

"You admit, do you not," began Mr. Untermeyer, "that such things as Burglars' Tools exist?"

"I dunno what you mean," said the witness.

Q.—I mean those tools used to force an illegal entrance into private residences, safes, and so on.

A.—Well, I ain't sayin' I ain't heard of 'em.

Q.—Do you own any such tools yourself?

A.—I don't remember.

Q.—Have you ever heard of anyone owning such tools?

A.—One or two.

Q.—Do you think the public welfare is best served by leaving such dangerous tools in the hands of a few individuals?

A.—Oh, it's all lovely so long as them that 's usin' 'em is good men.

Q.—But these so-called Burglars' Tools might fall into the hands of bad men.

A.—Nix, nix! That ain't possible.

Q.—Not possible? Why is it not possible?

A.—Don't you see? They ain't nobody got them tools but the lads that's in the know, see? The wise boys—the ginks that's all there. And they would n't let nobody have the tools that was n't right. That's how it works. D' y' get me?

There was a murmur of applause from the spectators as Mr. Crackem Andloot, who had won many friends by his frankness, left the witness-stand.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

**F**AGIN was instructing his class of young criminals.

"Always use good sense at the start of your career," he said. "There's no use of a talented young feller spendin' years learnin' the art of second-story workin', and then locatin' in a town where everybody builds these one-story Spanish bungalows."



A DAINTY MORSEL.

THE PUP.—Gee! If that meat would only fall off the hook right now I'd be happy!

**I**F you want a thing well done, do it yourself; had Noah entrusted the Ark to a contractor he might have got wet.



BECAUSE HE HAD TO HOOK 'EM UP?

"And Solomon had seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines: and his wives turned away his heart."—I KINGS XI, 3.



## HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.



### With the Beef-Trusters on Country-Store Night.

**Y**OU'VE got to hand it to Billy Watson! Why pay two dollars at a Broadway box-office for the privilege of looking over a lot of little half-portion beauties when for fifty cents you can see a whole ton of feminine loveliness at Miner's? Surely, if quantity has anything to do with it, Billy Watson's Beef-Trust Beauties give you your money's worth and a little bit more besides.

"Krausmeyer's Alley," which is a regular burlesque, and not a cheap attempt at musical comedy, has to do with one *Krausmeyer* and his neighbor *Grogan*. A big supply of dead cats and bricks and a flight of steps which flatten out when *Grogan* comes down help along the action whenever the chorus are changing. *Mrs. Krausmeyer* does not appear in the opening, being "asleep in the sink wid a bun on." The Beef-Trust Beauties are down on the program as "Kitty's friends from the Seminary," and answer a fire-alarm dressed—or undressed—as firemen. Personally we would like to have a look in at that seminary. Billy Watson, who plays *Krausmeyer*, gets his comedy over as very few comedians in or out of burlesque are able to do. He understands his audiences thoroughly and hands them what they want.

Have you ever been to a burlesque on Country-Store Night? The next time you see a couple coming down town on the Elevated with a canary, a fish-aquarium, a washboard, a pair of skates, a garbage-pail, and an azalea in tow, don't get the hunch that the moving-vans have missed out on a job. It's only Mr. and Mrs. Theatre-goer returning from Country-Store Night at Miner's in the Bronx. There is no reason why an enterprising couple should n't be able to furnish a flat after a brace of visits to Miner's. According to our program, which gave a list of the lucky ones of the week before, Annie Reilly drew an imported hat from Mme. Bertha and a pair of galvanized-iron tub-covers and two quarts of Horton's ice-cream, while Leon Fritz got an Ever-Ready Razor and little Hazel Farb made good with a doll and six packages of macaroni. Only—suppose Annie Reilly got the safety-razor and Leon Fritz the hat from Mme. Bertha—what then? And think how disappointed little Hazel might be with the galvanized-iron tub-covers! Better make a trip up to Miner's Bronx on Country-Store Night yourself. It's your one chance to break even on the high cost of living—or the cost of high living—which ever your case may be. And here's hoping you strike a show like "Billy Watson's Beef-Trust." *W. E. Hill.*

### RALLY 'ROUND THE BARREL!



**P**RINCIPLES are everything! We can never make peace with the other two parties!" thundered the Progressives after the campaign of 1912.

"Same here!" roared the Democrats.

"Ditto on this side," piped the old-line Republicans.

"But," ventured the Shrewd Observer, "if you keep on fighting each other like this the Socialists will get all the offices."

There was a hasty conference. It ended with a sheathing of swords.

"It is true," said the late antagonists as they mitted each other with the warm clasp of good-fellowship, "it is true that a party without principles is absurd, but a party without offices is impossible. Hurray for the Non-partisan Ticket!"

**S**ILENT contempt has saved a good many broken heads on the part of the contemptuous.

**W**HEN it comes to filling an aching void there is no one to be compared with the dentist.

### ANOTHER DIFFERENCE.

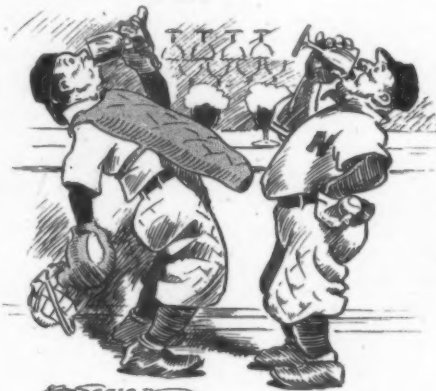
**T**HE biscuits mother used to make,  
Their praise no tongue can utter;  
And yet she made no extra charge  
For serving bread and butter.

### THE JAIL WIDOW.

**T**OM TANNER labored making skates along with other sweating men, till payday brought himself and mates their weekly dollars, two and ten. Tom sank his money in his jeans and homeward started on his way, but stopped to buy some beef and beans and buns and beer, and spent his pay. From beer he switched to rum and gin, and when he'd blown his last red cent a husky copper ran him in, and up for thirty days he went. Now, Tom was comfortable in jail; he got his grub three times a day, a place to sleep, he didn't wail; he had no cause to miss his pay. Meanwhile, his wife and three young kids, because she could n't pay the rent, the landlord loaded on the skids, and out into the street they went. While Tom was resting in the coop his wife had hungry mouths to fill, the grocer made her loop the

loop because she could n't pay the bill. Of course it was a heinous crime and one that called for punishment; so, while Tom did his bid of time, woe fell upon the innocent. Thus were the ends of justice served, oh, bitter irony of life! Tom from the path of virtue swerved, so Fate took vengeance on his wife.

*H. P. Dowst.*



A DRY BATTERY.

**E**very man has his price, but it is usually so much more than he is worth that most men never sell out.



THE PUCK PRESS.

# GOVERNMENT CARE VERS

The Government protects young fish, young oysters, young terrapin, yo  
solicitude was shown for young human beings? They





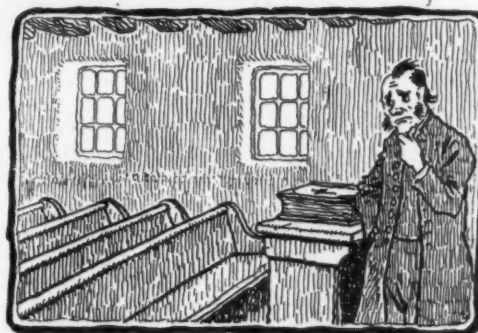
RE VERSUS GOVERNMENT NEGLECT.

g terrapin, young lobsters, young beef, and young trees. Is it not about time the same  
ings? They are more important than trout, or lobsters, or even forests.

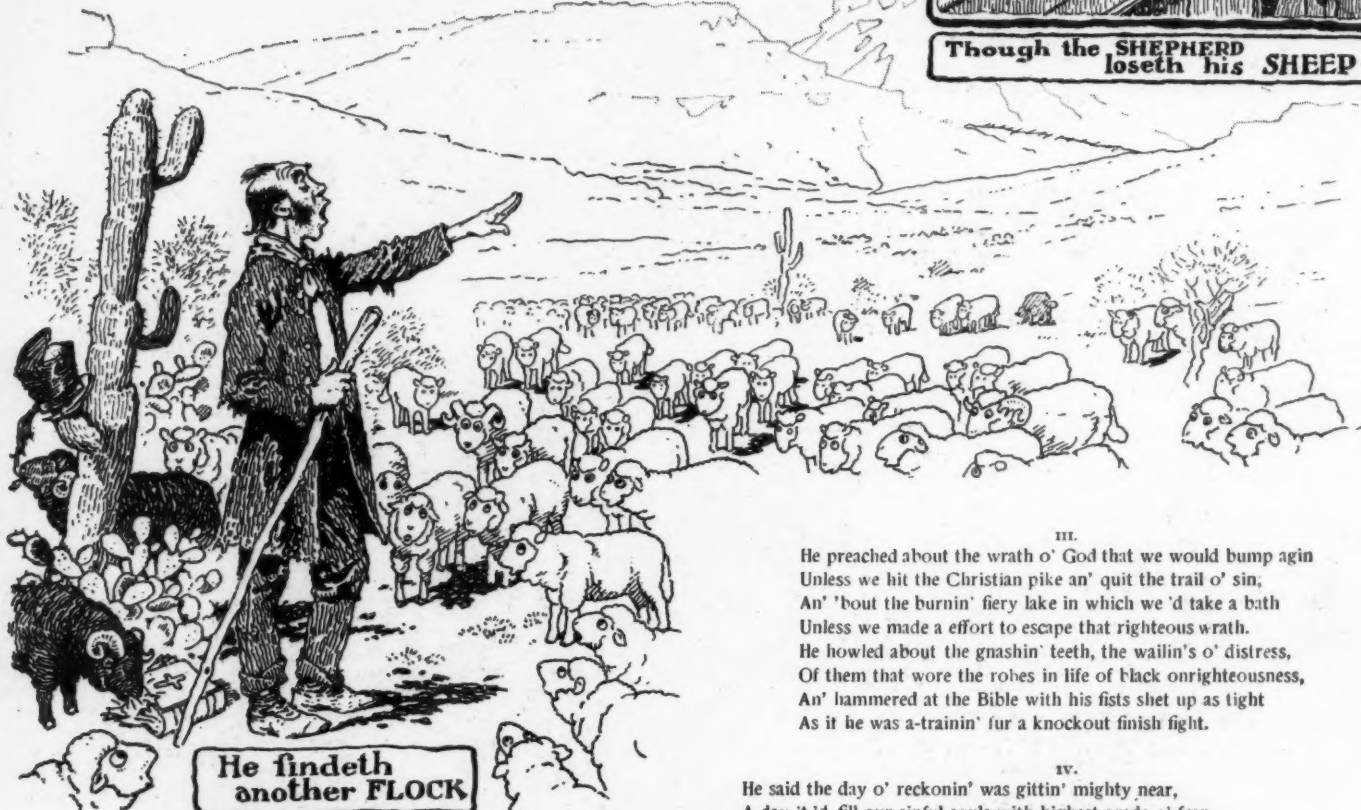
# The Sanctimonious Herder

By JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

**I.**  
A PREACHER that blowed in on us at Desolation Crick  
Used ile that would n't feed the flame on the salvation wick;  
An old, dried up, back-number saint that somehow seemed to lack  
The power to keep the mouldy moss from sproutin' on his back.  
He seemed to us as bein' of the Rip Van Winkle kind  
'T 'd bin asleep fur fifty years, an' fell that fur behind  
An' never had the nerve to try to do some ketchin' on  
To modern ways an' modern things 't 'd come since he 'd bin gone.



Though the SHEPHERD  
loseth his SHEEP—



He findeth  
another FLOCK

**II.**  
He said he was a shepherd o' the Lord, an' he was there  
To lead the Desolation flock to pastures green an' fair,  
To snatch our feet from mire an' clay an' place 'em on a rock,  
An' he hoped that he would find in us a meek, obejient flock.  
He 'd bin a shepherd fur lost sheep, he said, fur many years,  
Had labored in a-many a field in this dark vale o' tears,  
An' tol' us that he hoped an' prayed that when his work was through  
He 'd leave us on the proper trail that led to pastures new.

## HIS INTEREST.

It is estimated that not more than half the children born survive their fifth year."

"That 's terrible, and something should be done about it," replied the mill-owner. "When those children got to be a couple of years older they 'd be ready to go to work."

## THE REFORMERS.

"In order to prevent people from going wrong," they said, "we must stop their eyes so that they cannot see wrong things, and we must stop up their ears so that they cannot hear wrong words, and we must tie up their legs and arms so that they cannot in any way get to places of wrongdoing."

All those who opposed this method of making people good were considered bad, bad boys.

**III.**  
He preached about the wrath o' God that we would bump agin  
Unless we hit the Christian pike an' quit the trail o' sin;  
An' 'bout the burnin' fiery lake in which we 'd take a bath  
Unless we made a effort to escape that righteous wrath.  
He howled about the gnashin' teeth, the wailin's o' distress,  
Of them that wore the robes in life of black onrightness,  
An' hammered at the Bible with his fists shet up as tight  
As it he was a-trainin' fur a knockout finish fight.

**IV.**  
He said the day o' reckonin' was gittin' mighty near,  
A day 't 'd fill our sinful souls with highest grade o' fear,  
An' when we reached the judgment-seat we 'd weep an' we would mourn  
An' wish we 'd sought salvation whilst the lamp held out to burn.  
We sot an' listened to him roar, as border Christians should,  
But got no dust into our eyes from a-sawin' wood;  
An' as we left the meetin'-house we all agreed en mass  
That sich a preacher was n't in the modern preachin' class.

**V.**  
The church bell rung next Sunday, but had no invitin' sound,  
Might just as well have called to raise the dead out o' the ground,  
Fur not a wushiper appeared within the house o' God—  
No fresh tracks marked the churchward path that we so long had trod.  
He left the Crick next mornin', an' in shakin' of our fins  
He said he left us to our fate a-wall'rin' in our sins;  
An' next we heerd o' him he 'd camped down on the Unaweep  
Where ol' Bill Blake had given him a job o' herdin' sheep!



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not with the contents  
of the wonderful

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12 years old)

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the skin.

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gentle character.

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## OLD TIMES AND NEW.

**KNICKER.**—In the winter time we  
used to break the ice in the pitcher to  
wash in the morning.

**BOCKER.**—Now we have to break  
the janitor's head.—*The Sun.*



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ture on the Label when buying  
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## OUT TO-DAY!

### DOING THE ABBEY.

Two Americans approached West-  
minster Abbey in London.

"What's that?" asked one.

"Westminster Abbey."

"Have we got to see it?"

"Sure!"

"Well, you go inside and I'll go  
round the outside, and we can be done  
with it in three minutes."—*Saturday  
Evening Post.*

### THE FIRST STEP.

"Well, young man, ready to go  
back to college?"

"Yep."

"What important subjects will you  
take up this term?"

"The first thing is the matter of the  
forward pass."—*Washington Herald.*

"SHALL we mention the fact that Sir  
Thomas Lipton is in trade?" asked the  
reporter.

"Oh dear, no!" replied the society  
editor. "In mentioning Sir Thomas  
Lipton always remember that the tea  
is silent."—*Boston Transcript.*



**TRAVELER.**—Shall I have time to get a drink?

**GUARD.**—Yes, sir.

**TRAVELER.**—Can you give me a guarantee that the train won't start?

**GUARD.**—Yes, I'll take one with you!—*London Opinion.*

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash  
of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in  
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freight department im-  
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deliciousness of a  
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of whose cost goes into  
quality.

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### EXACTLY.

**HOAX.**—I thought you said he was  
a Settlement worker?

**JOAX.**—He is.

**HOAX.**—Why, he tells me he's a  
bill collector.

**JOAX.**—Well?—*Phila. Record.*

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#### You like to go CAMPING—

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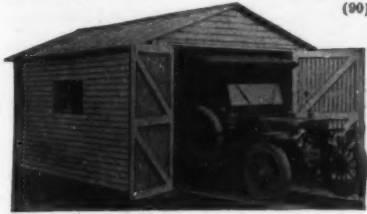
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KNICKER.—What is a samovar?

BOCKER.—A kettle that has taken singing lessons abroad.—*The Sun*.

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### OBVIOUS.

"My husband has deserted me and I want a warrant," announced the large lady.

"What reason did he have for deserting you?" asked the prosecutor.

"I don't want any lip from you, I want a warrant. I don't know what reason he had."

"I think I understand his reason," said the official feebly, as he proceeded to draw up a warrant.—*Exchange*.

### AMATEUR WORK.

"This poem was written by a prominent lawyer of this city. Has it any value?"

"About as much value," said the editor, "as a legal opinion written by a poet."—*Washington Herald*.

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NURSE.—Indeed! And I suppose the window you broke yesterday was a pure accident, too?

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SECOND EXCITED HOUSEHOLDER.—Well, what of it? Your confounded bees suck all the honey from my hollyhocks, but I don't make a song about it, do I?—*Punch*.

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AGENT.—Then we'll consider that settled.

ACTOR.—But—er—what about the contract?

AGENT.—Oh, that's all right. A verbal contract 'll do.

ACTOR.—Laddie, listen: The last time I had a verbal contract I drew a verbal salary!—*London Opinion*.

WHAT a pension-list those Balkan Allies are going to have!—*Columbia State*.

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It will embrace hotels and modern apartment houses, convention and exhibition halls, clubs and restaurants, and department stores

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II.  
 "Merciful Heavens—all is lost! I have given him a cook-book!"  
 —*Fliegende Blätter*.

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